

THE BOURBON NEWS

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)
Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner
SWIFT CHAMP, Editor and Owner

NIGHT ON A CATTLE RANGE.

There's a weird-like charm in the starlit night on the breast of the western plains. Where a stillness falls like a veil of peace as the day in its glory wanes. Where the night breeze kisses the fevered earth and the gems of the star-world gleam. With their twinkling sparkles of silvery light till the heavens with beauty teem. The heart beats soft with a soothing sense of freedom and calm delight. As we lie and gaze at the whip-poor-wills overhead in their playful flight. Where the grasses rustle a lullaby to the breath of the night wind stirred. And the dog-wolf howls in the sandy hills and the cowboy sings to his herd.

Off there on the breast of a rising slope the cattle in quiet lie. Nor raise their heads when the shadowy form of the rider passes them by. But close their eyes when the soothing song of the tireless watcher they hear—The song that tells them to lie in peace; no danger is lurking near.

The weary man from the city's noise on the grass in his blanket lies. And reads a story of peaceful rest on the scroll of the starlit skies. And dreamily watches the fitful flight of the restless nocturnal bird. Where the dog-wolf howls in the sandy hills and the cowboy sings to his herd.

How near to the presence of God we feel! How sacred the stillness seems. How the weaned soul in its new-found rest with the joy of existence teems! How we almost think we can see the face of the Father of All up there. In a twinkling frame of the silent stars that jewel the midnight air.

What fancies fill the delighted brain as we float on a dreamy sea. To the mystic shadows of Slumberland from the cares of the earth set free. Float on till the last dim vision of earth by the finger of sleep is blurred. Where the dog-wolf howls in the sandy hills and the cowboy sings to his herd.

—James Barton Adams, in Denver Post.

Lifting the Shadows

THE fourth-story lodger was always busy. Great boxes of flowers and cushions came to her room, to be sent out again in bewildering creations, tied up in dainty white boxes, marked "E. Downing, milliner." But no one ever came to her rooms, except her customers, to the great surprise of the curious old lady who dwelt in the rear and kept close watch for a year over the slender, pretty, black-gowned little milliner.

No one—that is, with one exception. One day a tall woman, clad in deep mourning, had climbed the steep stairs and remained closeted in the fourth-story front room for hours. Voices rose high, but the curious ears in the rear could catch no word until the door opened and a soft voice, which she recognized as the little milliner's, exclaimed:

"Leave him? Never—never!"

"Elizabeth, may you never regret your determination. Your parents, at least, have fulfilled their duty," replied the lady in mourning, as she slowly descended the stairs. Elizabeth Downing closed her door and sank down among the chiffons and flowers, sobbing—sobbing so bitterly that her tears fell upon the soft masses, crushing their freshness.

"How cruel they are! It is their pride, not their love, which is killing me. My God, how I have suffered, and must for four long years." She dragged herself to the window and stared up at the sky, gradually clouding in the soft haze of spring twilight. At last her eyes rested upon the evening star—his favorite star. Her thoughts flew back to that night beside the lake, so peaceful in its quiet beauty, that she had turned to him and whispered:

"How I love to live! If this moment could only last forever!"

But a telegram had broken in upon her delight, recalling Jack to town on business. Fatal word that had broken so many women's hearts!

They must return at once, Jack explained, and she had quieted her regrets, stifled by the anxious lines that furrowed his face. Suddenly, as she moved about the room, gathering up their belongings, he had clasped her in his arms, saying:

"Elizabeth, if you ever learned—"

He paused an instant, then resumed, slowly: "If anyone should speak ill of me to you, would you still love me?"

"Nothing could make me doubt you."

"But if I deserved it?"

"You?"

She trembled at his discomfited features, but answered, firmly:

"Even if you deserve it."

She remembered every detail of that cheerless journey to town, and the rough men who had met them in the station. She still felt Jack's trembling lips pressed to hers in a farewell kiss. "Go home to your parents, love; I must be away so long."

The anguish of those first days swept over her again. But she would wait for him, would help him expiate his sin, and then together they would go forth into the world and live down the dark stain of their past.

And so she continued in her life of abnegation, until one spring day she moved from the little room into a dainty apartment near by and busied herself preparing a gown of soft white material. The lines faded from her face, a faint rose tint flushed her cheeks and a glad light shone in her eyes.

Then one evening she appeared in the white gown, a great cluster of red roses at her breast, and stood looking around in the soft glow that the shaded lamp shed over the little parlor with its cluster of roses like those she wore.

"Jack's favorite flowers," she murmured. "I wonder will he notice

them? He said he would be here promptly at eight." The clock pointed to a quarter of eight. Now slowly the minutes dragged along; eight o'clock at last. Then five minutes past, then ten.

"Oh, if he does not come," she moaned. A rustle at the door attracted her attention; she flew to it, throwing it wide open. Was that her husband, that shrunken, haggard man, with furtive, hunted eyes, and the ghastly pallor, she wondered, as he stepped past her without a glance of recognition at her.

She followed him into the parlor, longing to throw her arms around him, but not daring to do so. He spoke:

"You are frightened; you don't recognize your husband," and he smiled grimly, "an old man at 35." Lifting his hat, he showed her his gray hair. Then he continued, almost fiercely:

"An ill-assorted couple, indeed! You so young and fair, for I have never seen you so beautiful before."

"Does that annoy you, dear?" she asked, holding out her arms to him.

"Do not touch me!" he cried, shrinking from her. "Do you think I have fallen so low that I have so little honor or delicacy left that I would let you in your purity touch such a polluted thing as I? No, I was weak to come, but henceforth we will live as strangers. I am unworthy of you."

"I implore you, Jack—"

"Elizabeth, you are free," he cried, with brutal energy. "I release you now. Get your divorce. Anything, if you will only forget me." He turned to the door, but she barred the way with her arms.

"Never! You shall not desert me! I have suffered and endured for five long years. I have forsaken my father and mother; have slaved to repay the debt, to clear your name. All for love of you! And now, when in the eyes of the world you are cleared, and mine—mine, you would forsake me. You are exonerated before the world; to me you were never guilty. Why do you wish to leave me?"

"Nothing can rehabilitate me in my own eyes. The man I robbed is dead, his family execrates me—"

"No, no," she interrupted, eagerly.

"His wife has written me that she believed in you. Would take you back again to-morrow. She never wished to prosecute you. And now we've reimbursed her!"

"Reimbursed her!" he repeated, wonderingly. A ray of joy flashed in her eyes.

"I have worked," she said, simply.

"My saint," he said, bending over the hand she held out to him.

"Stay," she whispered.

"No, that would be cowardice; you shall not burden yourself with a man cut off from the world."

"Jack," she whispered, reproachfully, "I have waited five long years. I took you for better or worse. You are my happiness; stay with me!"

"I cannot."

She started.

"Jack, you don't love me any more!"

"I venerate you as a saint. I have forgotten how to love as an equal."



"DO NOT TOUCH ME."

The taint of the prison is on me. I went in there resigned, determined to expiate. God knows I meant to pay him back; that I only sought of the pleasure I meant to give you. But I cannot stand the pity you would give me for love. No, don't interrupt. I had time to think it all out during those long years of infancy."

"Expiation! I have washed the taint away."

"In infamy, I say," he answered, savagely tearing her hands from his neck. "Let me go out into the shadow where I belong. I will not cloud your life."

"Then I will go with you," she sobbed, desperately; "if you can only come to me in the shadow, I will join you. I will steal."

"You steal, Elizabeth?"

"Yes. I love you the more for what you did, because I know I was more to you than anything else in the world—more even than conscience—and I will steal to go with you." She paused, overcome by her grief.

The young man breathed convulsively.

"No," he cried, "it cannot be! I am a convict."

"You are my love, my husband. I belong where you belong—in the darkness or in the light."

The man's implacable face relaxed. A spasm of anguish contracted his features; then a mental vision, swift as the flashing star, showed him the pride that disguised his cruel egotism with a false mask of delicacy in his refusal to accept the salvation that lay in her love.

He fathomed the depth of her suffering, the intensity of that soul-love that had wrought its work of expiation in greater anguish than his own, and for the first time in his life he loved. Bending over her, his trembling fingers touched her cheeks, her shoulders; then, with a convulsive sob, he clasped her in his arms.

Her love had lifted the shadow from his soul.—Philadelphia Item.

MILK FOR CONSUMPTION.

Should Be Taken While the Animal Heat Is Still in It and the Last of the Milking.

The last quart of the milking, or the "strippings," taken immediately after milking, before it has parted with any of the animal heat, is the most valuable thing known to build up a person who is thin and emaciated from any disease, writes Dr. B. J. Kendall, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

My theory for years has been that the "strippings" was nearly all cream, which I have demonstrated to be a fact. I also believed that when taken immediately after milking, while it contained all the animal heat and before any change had taken place, that it would be absorbed at once into the circulation and not go through the ordinary process of digestion. This I have also found to be true.

I direct my patients to begin with one-half pint, and gradually increase the quantity until at the end of a week they are taking a quart at a time, or as much as they can possibly drink without causing too much discomfort. This should be followed up regularly twice a day.

I have known of many cases who could not drink the cold milk or even milk which had stood for an hour or two, and yet these persons could drink a quart immediately after milking without the slightest derangement of the digestive organs.

In consumption the patient steadily loses in weight, and although the old methods are used faithfully to try to build up the strength, yet the patient steadily loses flesh. It is no uncommon thing for my patients, who have followed my instructions, to gain five pounds a week in weight. No other plan I have heard of has proved so successful.

It should be remembered that it is very important to select a cow that is healthy and one that gives rich milk. Then it is also of very great importance that the very last of the milking, or "strippings," should be taken, and of equal importance that this should be taken immediately after milking, while it contains all the animal heat. No other food is so natural and none has ever proved so successful.

The consumptive will soon find a change for the better if the above instructions are followed.

I have tested this plan in hundreds of cases in the last few years, and I know that there are thousands of cases whose lives might be saved if the above instructions were followed. Of course, in most cases a certain amount of medical treatment is also necessary.

A PINEAPPLE FRAPPE.

Delicious Fruit Ice to Take the Place of Those Containing Liquors.

This is simply another name for a sorbet, a half-frozen fruitice which was served after the roast at dinners in place of a Roman punch or similar mixture containing liquor or wine of some kind. Under the name frappe, fruit sorbets are served in glasses in the evening as a lemonade or sherbet might be served, says the New York Tribune.

One of the most delicious of these ices is a pineapple sherbet. Boil together for 20 minutes one pint of sugar and a pint of water. Add the grated pulp and juice of a sweet pineapple. Let the mixture boil two minutes longer. Add the fresh juice of two lemons. Add the beaten whites of two eggs and freeze the mixture until it is thick or "frappe" (half frozen), but not until it is frozen hard. Serve it in little glasses, as a sorbet is served.

Another rule for frappe, in which orange juice and pineapple are both used, calls for a grated pineapple and a pint of water and a pint of sugar frozen together for 20 minutes, and a pint of orange juice, with a little of the peel grated in. Let the mixture boil for three minutes together; then add the juice of three lemons and freeze the mixture one-half. Serve like any other ices.

Every Girl Should Learn the Art.

Every girl who is planning to be a housekeeper some time, and is busy learning how to be, wants, among other things, to learn how to prepare and pack a dainty luncheon. It is an important part of her training. She may want to pack a picnic luncheon, a luncheon for a traveler or for some one whose daily duties take him away from home, and where there is no opportunity to obtain a luncheon, so that he is dependent upon the luncheon-basket. There are all these to be provided for occasionally, besides the school-child. And she wants to know how to cater to this clientele. You instinctively know the one who prepared the luncheon by the way the basket is arranged and what it contains.—Sallie Joy White, in Woman's Home Companion.

Deviled Tomatoes.

Put two tablespoonsful of butter into the blazer, and before lighting the flame, add to the butter half a teaspoonful of onion juice, ten drops of tobacco sauce or a pinch of red pepper, half a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a scant teaspoonful of sugar, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and a scant teaspoonful of salt. Light the flame, stir the sauce together until it is smooth, and lay in the tomatoes, sliced but not peeled. Cook until tender and serve.—Good Housekeeping.

Peach Fritters.

Cut the peeled fruit in half, sprinkle with sugar moistened with maraschino, and roll them in powdered macaroons before dipping them in the batter. Fry to a amber color, roll in sugar and serve hot.—St. Louis Republic.

JUST MISSED CHRISTIANITY.

China's Search for the Incarnate God Was 15,000 Miles Short of the True God.

One of the most interesting chapters of Chinese history is that which concerns the embassy sent out in 65 A. D. by Emperor Wing-te to find the incarnate God. Rumors of the Christian religion, its miracles and holy men penetrated to the court of Peking in that year. These eventually reached the ears of the emperor. Calling the literary and scientific men before him, he demanded to know their opinions, says a London exchange.

After long consultation it was decided to send an embassy to the incarnate God, with rich offerings, and to ask him to come to China to preach the true word. So a great caravan of richly-decorated camels was gathered and magnificent offerings loaded upon their backs. There were superb silks, glittering precious stones, the choicest incense, magnificent ivory carvings and the finest products of all China. Attended by a huge retinue of coolies and servants and soldiers, the embassy, consisting of China's most learned men, started south along the coast line, for in those days it was not safe to travel too far inland. Days and weeks the caravan traveled. Each day prayers were offered for the incarnate God. On went the cavalcade, passing beyond the boundaries of China into the unknown land beyond. Everywhere the mission went the word of the search was passed, and soon a huge army entered India.

Once there the stories of the incarnate God became more circumstantial and with renewed courage the ambassadors pressed on. At last southern India was reached and a positive clue discovered—at least so the embassy thought. Yes, the natives had heard of a great prophet. He had performed miracles and had disappeared in a miraculous manner, none knew whither. He had lived and was born on an island south of India, across the water, which the Chinese creaded.

But, strong as was the fear of water, the desire to accomplish their purpose was stronger, and so in rude boats they set sail for Ceylon. The weather favored them and soon they set foot on the island home of the unknown prophet. There, where the knowledge of his existence was still fresh in the minds of the people, where the Bo-tree, or tree of knowledge, was still standing, where his personality was not yet forgotten, the ambassadors gained their knowledge of —Buddha, Gautama Siddhartha, the all-wise.

They confused Buddha and his works for Christ and His miracles. Had they gone 1,500 miles to the west they would have received the true word and China might have been the greatest Christian nation on earth.

NOTABLE DEAD LIE THERE.

King's Chapel, Boston, First Built in 1860, and Its Unique Graveyard.

At the corner of Tremont and School streets in Boston stands one of the most historic churches in that city. This church is King's chapel, and when it was built it took the place of a small wooden chapel standing on the same ground. The little wooden chapel had been erected in the year 1689, and the land on which it stood was taken from the public burial ground by Gov. Andros. It was the first Episcopal church in Boston, and its attendants were chiefly the British officers and loyalists. It had the first organ ever heard in New England, a certain Thomas Brattle having given it the instrument in 1713. In the year 1749 the corner stone of the present building was laid by Gov. Shirley, but the church was not completed until 1769. In that year George Washington was present at an oration given in the church celebrating its completion, and he contributed five guineas to the church. During the siege of Boston this was the only church in which regular services were held attended by the British officers. When the city was evacuated by the British the rector sailed away to Halifax, carrying with him the church register, communion service and vestments, and the church was closed. A few years later it became the First Unitarian church, and it is to-day one of the most important of the Unitarian churches.

Gov. Shirley lies buried in a tomb beneath the porch of the church, and in the old burying ground at the side and in the rear of the church are the graves of many of the good men and true who were among the founders of the city of Boston. Here may be seen the graves of John Winthrop, of Gov. John Leverett, of Mary Chilton, of Lady Anne Andros, wife of Sir Edmund, the governor. Lady Andros died in February, 1688, and her funeral was held in the evening by torch light. The funeral of Gen. Joseph Warren, who was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill, was held in this church. The body was followed from the townhouse to the church by a great procession, and the funeral oration was by Perez Morton. In later years the funerals of many distinguished Bostonians have been held from King's chapel.

French Style of Starting Foot Races.

In an American sprinting race the starter orders the runners on their marks, then tells them to "get ready," then calls out "set," and a couple of seconds later fires the pistol. At the Paris races the French starter ordered the men on their marks, called out "attention" and fired the pistol so soon afterward that the Americans could not get into a crouching position. After the first heat or two the Americans were always set by the time attention was called and started at the word instead of pistol, thus gaining a yard or two.—Little Chronicle.

VERY NEAT SWINDLE.

Express Companies Mulcted by a Sharp Chemist.

Packages, Stamped as Valuable, Destroyed by Chemicals and Sender Then Collects Heavy Damages from the Company.

Express companies at St. Paul, Minn., have discovered an extensive swindle that has mystified them for more than a year and removes suspicion from many employees. The leading manipulator of the work has already managed to secure thousands of dollars from the companies, who had believed the shortage to be due to neglect or loss on the part of the employees.

The man who is being looked for is known by so many names that it has not yet been ascertained what his right name is or who he is. He is a chemist by profession, and it is by the knowledge of this art that he has managed to make large holes in the financial records of the companies.

It has been discovered by special detective officers who are in St. Paul how he has up to date managed to be so successful in his plans. He appears in New York at one of the local express offices with a package valued at \$10,000, which he orders sent to some part of the states. He then follows the package to the place of its destination, where, under a different name, he appears as the party to whom the package was sent. The package is looked for, but, notwithstanding the fact that it is registered on the books, it is not to be recovered. The sender then returns to New York, where he presents his claim for loss of valuable property sent in care of the company. It has been discovered that instead of placing the property of value in the box, it contains a preparation which so entirely destroys the covering of the parcel and everything in it that not a trace of it is to be found. This has occurred a number of times, and from certain indications it would appear that he is not alone in his operations, as a number of times the package has been called for by a woman.

FIND MOUNTAIN OF COPPER.

Biggest Surface Showing in the World Discovered Near Vancouver.

A veritable mountain of copper has been discovered within 30 miles of Vancouver, B. C., at Howe sound, by prospectors engaged by H. W. Treat of New York and Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper of Vancouver. Both Treat and Sir Charles declare it is the biggest surface showing in the world; 322 assays all over the mountain have been taken, and it is claimed the ore ran extremely rich. On the Daisy claim, the chief showing in the group nature has done, according to Treat, what a gang of 200 miners could not do in five years, a stream of water having worn away the soft schist and exposed a bluff of sheer, perpendicular cliff of copper ore 428 feet high. Surface openings have also been made with powder, which exposes the big quarry of copper for 1,500 feet.

The famous outcropping is less than half a mile from the famous Britannia group of prospects, which sold in London recently for \$1,500,000. It is claimed by Treat and Sir Charles that their properties have a bigger showing than the Britannia group, and the Britannia mines, according to the report of the New York engineers, had 9,000,000 tons of low-grade ore in sight; before \$300,000 had been spent on the property.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Sept. 15.		
CATTLE—Common	\$3 40	@ 25
Extra butchers	5 50	@ 5 65
CALVES—Extra		@ 7 00
HOGS—Choice packers	5 50	@ 5 55
Mixed packers	5 25	@ 5 50
SHEEP—Choice	2 75	@ 3 60
LAMB—Extras		@ 5 50
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 90	@ 4 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 76 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 43 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 23
RYE—No. 2		@ 55
HAY—Ch. timothy		@ 13 25
PORK—Mess		@ 12 45
LARD—Steam		@ 6 80
BUTTER—Ch. dairy		@ 14
Choice creamery		@ 22 1/2
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	2 25	@ 2 50
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 25	@ 1 40
TOBACCO—New	3 50	@ 9 95
Old	12 25	@ 13 50

CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 80	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	71 1/2	@ 79
CORN—No. 3 spring.	75	@ 76 1/2
CORN—No. 2	40 1/2	@ 41 1/2
OATS—No. 2	22	@ 22 1/2
RYE		@ 52
PORK—Mess	11 90	@ 11 95
LARD—Steam	6 7 1/2	@ 6 80

NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 75	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 80 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 47
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 35
RYE		@ 57 1/2
LARD—Steam		@ 7 17 1/2
PORK—Family	15 00	@ 15 75

BALTIMORE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	73 1/4	@ 73 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	72 1/4	@ 74 1/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	25	@ 25 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers	4 80	@ 5 55
HOGS—Western	6 20	@ 6 25

INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 41
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 21 1/2

LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 00	@ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 70
CORN—Mixed		@ 43 1/2
OATS—Mixed		@ 22 1/2
PORK—Mess		@ 12 50
LARD—Steam		@ 7 00

BUSINESS EDUCATION

LEXINGTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

INCORPORATED.

B. B. JONES, Pres.
E. G. SPINK, Vice Pres.

THE LEADING PRACTICAL SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH

Bookkeeping • Shorthand • Telegraphy

Courses graded. Short, Practical, Modern. Normal Course for Teachers. No vacation. Cheap Board, club or private.

Best Home Study Courses—Shorthand or Bookkeeping. Experienced Teachers. Individual instruction. Three Departments.—All Commercial Branches. Enter Any Time. Open to Both Sexes. Elegant Diploma.

POSITIONS: Tuition may be deposited in bank until position is secured. 165 former pupils holding positions in Lexington alone. For "Kata-log" and full particulars, address

B. B. JONES, President, LEXINGTON, KY.

For particulars concerning HOME STUDY, address Dept. 12.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

PIKE CAMPBELL, Manager.

Centrally located. Convenient to business portion of city and all theatres. Only good hotel in Louisville giving \$3 rate. Excellent service. 13c. 3m.

ATTENTION, CITIZENS.

Now is the time to bring in your engines, mowers and farm machinery for repairs. Also Mower and binder blades. And don't forget your lawn mowers, gas and oil stoves which I will make as good as new. Gas, steam and water pipe fitting. Steel ranges repaired. All work guaranteed.

NEWHALL'S MACHINE SHOP

Cor. Third and Pleasant St.

JOHN CONNELLY, PLUMBER,

PARIS, KENTUCKY.

Work guaranteed satisfactory. Calls promptly answered. Your work solicited. Prices, reasonable.

HOTEL REED,

LEXINGTON, KY.,

JAS. CONNOR, Prop.

Newly furnished and improved. Service excellent. Rate, \$3 per day. Headquarters for Bourbon people.



THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN CINCINNATI AND CHICAGO,

..... VIA INDIANAPOLIS

..... AND MONON ROTE,

Connecting at Chicago for the

NORTH AND WEST.

And at Cincinnati with all roads for

SOUTHERN CITIES

AND THE

Health and Pleasure Resorts of

FLORIDA, CALIFORNIA and MEXICO.

Four trains weekdays, three Sundays, CINCINNATI AND CHICAGO.

Cafe Cars, Pullman Compartment, and Standard Sleepers.

Any Agent or Representative of the C. H. & D. will be pleased to furnish information, or address,

D. G. EDWARDS,

Passenger Traffic Manager, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

KIDNEY DISEASES

are the most fatal of all diseases